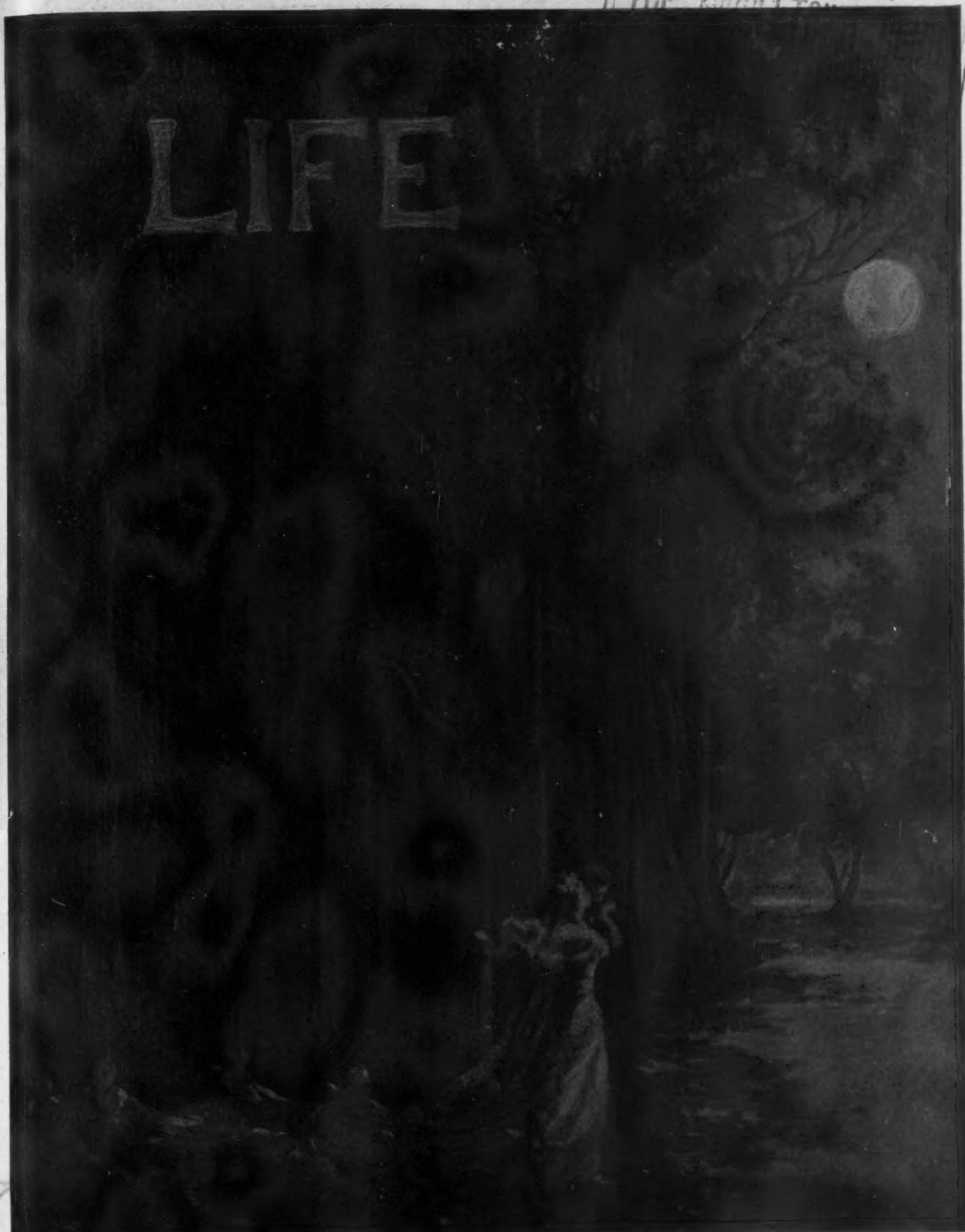


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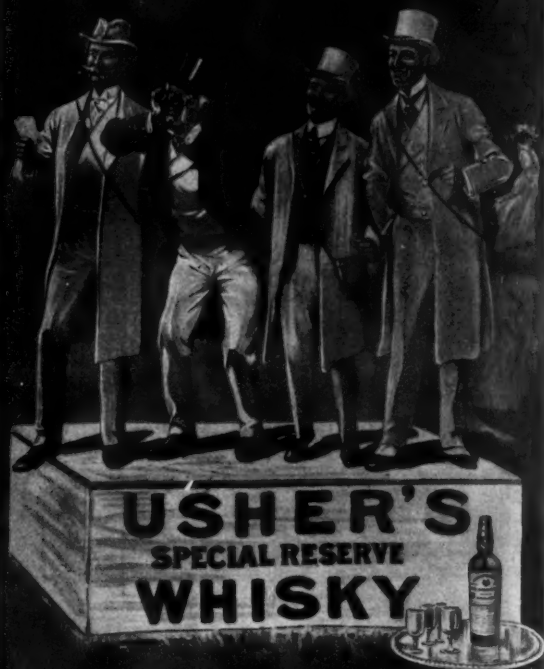
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LIFE



AN ORDEAL

JOINING TO ANOTHER MAN THE GIRL WHO REFUSED YOU

The Sweet Girl Graduate

SWEET girl graduates will soon be seen roaming about the country, seeking whom they may devour.

Nothing is pleasanter, on a soft June evening, than to sit in the gloaming and listen to the artless prattle of the sweet girl graduate, as she discourses lightly and nimbly on philosophy, psychology, the higher criticism, the molecular theory and other kindred subjects. Nothing is nicer than gently but firmly to lead her away from these trivialities to the more serious business of holding hands, and going into certain silences known only to the initiated.

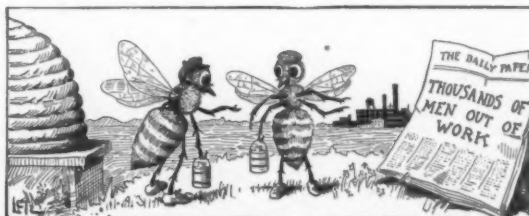
The sweet girl graduate is a growing institution, and is rapidly becoming one of the bulwarks of the nation. She needs to be encouraged, not only with kind words, but, if necessary, in other ways that will naturally—and inevitably—suggest themselves to the earnest student.

It is our sacred duty to see that the sweet girl graduate should not go on acquiring so much information that she becomes useless for practical purposes. We should always remember that the hand that rocks the cradle—incidentally ruling the world—is the hand that has not learned to write too much Greek, logarithms or historical novels. Several remedies suggest themselves at once. Among these are The Lovers' Lane, The Moonlight Tryst and the Lonely Back Parlor.

When a sweet girl graduate shows evidences of too much ambition to learn, she should be taken in hand—or in two hands—at once. If necessary, use both arms. Unless she is treated early, she may run into a quick decline, and wind up eventually in the W. C. T. U. or become the vociferous head of a mothers' congress.

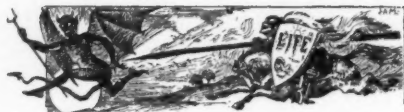
Apply, therefore, a Lovers' Lane at once.

Follow this up with repeated applications of Moonlight Trysts, and continue with a steady diet of Lonely Back Parlor. This, with persistence and unflagging devotion to a good cause, will in time bring the sweet girl graduate to her own normal self.



"ISN'T IT SAD THAT SO MANY HUMAN BEINGS SHOULD BE IDLE?"

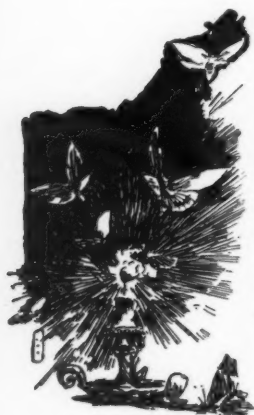
"I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. MAN IS SUPPOSED TO BE ON A HIGHER PLANE THAN THE BEES, BUT WE'RE ALL BUSY IN THE HIVE."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI JUNE 11, 1908 No. 1337

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ALL hail Chicago! Will it be Taft?

Taft, no doubt, and it is a satisfaction to think so. There are chances enough to make the convention news interesting reading. We will want to know how the Cannon men show up, what sort of a following and how urgent a sentiment can be mustered for La Follette, how great a noise the Roosevelt stampede can make and what temporary flutter, if any, can be induced to come of it.

But the chances are so strong for the nomination of Taft on the first ballot that the anticipatory tremor does not quicken the breath much, and it seems a waste of ink to speculate on anybody else's chances. At Denver if there is a chance for anything except Bryan to happen, almost anything may happen. So many impulses, so many vague yearnings and so little responsibility are boxed up in a Democratic convention that once the lid is lifted you can only wait and see. But the Republicans, in these days, in their conventions are used to make, not merely candidates, but Presidents, and some sobering sense of accountability inevitably controls the nerves of the party that has its men in office and expects to keep them there.

Nevertheless, we shall get interesting headlines out of Chicago, and we may get some very lively ones. There is no reason to look for surprises in the platform. To commend President Roosevelt's administration, and to ask for more of the same, diversified by friendly tinkering of the tariff, and judicious overhauling of the currency system, is the business

of the platform builders and no doubt they will attend to it. But if a couple of ballots should be taken without giving Taft his majority; if enough delegates should be shaken by doubts that he would run well, or if enough of them should develop the conviction that centralization and federal control were making headway too fast for the good of our governmental system—then the headlines might grow very interesting, for the convention would promptly begin to boil.

In that case, and if the Taft vote begins to scatter, look out for Governor Hughes. He will certainly get attention. And, of course, the Roosevelt stampede will do all they can, but the convention will not nominate Roosevelt in the face of his refusal to run, and if it does it will have to reconvene and try again.

But there is no prospect that the headlines will quiver with any such thrills. It looks abundantly like the abundant Taft, and he looks like the best candidate of the lot, be his weight what it will.



THE New York Times holds that "it is in effect a repeal of the law of common morality to permit Thomas C. Platt to enjoy further those marks of public confidence and those honors that are worthily bestowed only upon respected and self-respecting men." What an example, it says, to the youth of the land! It would have him resign from the Senate.

Of course, he ought not to be in the Senate, but for our part we have never been anxious to have him resign. We think his example in the Senate is useful, and will be profitable to the youth of the land if it is duly adjusted to their understandings.

When a valuable dog has formed the habit of stealing chickens and his reformation is desired, they tie a dead chicken to his collar, and leave it there until it has become a very unpleasant companion, and until he is extremely tired and ashamed of it and of himself, and never wants to see again a chicken, dead or alive.

Analogously we are in favor of leaving Mr. Platt tied around the neck of the State of New York until his term expires, or he drops off. The State needs the lesson, and needs to have it well rubbed

in. Nowadays Mr. Platt is rather a pitiful old man, and imperfectly responsible, we take it, for his own conduct. That he went to court rather than submit to blackmail is to his credit, as far as it goes.

But why is he Senator at all? Because he was a successful political "fence." Because he received the contributions of Property that needed protection or wanted privileges, and used it to maintain a political machine that could control the legislature and deliver the goods that Property paid for. Property wanted Mr. Platt in the Senate. So did Politics. So far as we ever heard, he did his work well. But it was crooked work.



THE important thing about Mr. Platt is not his personal morals, which have happened to become scandalous in his old age, but the political morals, which he has stood for all his life long, which were accepted by his party as practical, convenient and necessary, and which were really the basis of his long-continued success. His colleague, Mr. Depew, accepted the same political code and was a proficient practitioner in the same school; his rival, Mr. Odell, whose personal morals are entirely respectable so far as we ever heard, we take to be equipped with quite as forlorn an outfit of political morals as Mr. Platt.

There is no use of retiring Mr. Platt from the Senate until New York State gets ready to replace him with a Senator of radically different type, intentions and character. Governor Hughes is such a man. Mr. Choate is such a man. There are plenty of them, and in both parties, if they are wanted. But are they wanted yet? Suppose Connors and Murphy controlled the legislature in the name of the Democrats, as they do control the State Democratic organization. Would they send anybody to the Senate whose political morals would be radically different from Mr. Platt's? Would the Republican machine send any one whom New York would be proud of?

Mr. Platt is a good example of the kind of statesman that such political conditions as have flourished in New York State for the last quarter-century have produced. He is very useful where he is. Let him stick there!





MAKA DA BEAR DANCE

"BILL, TAKA DA STICK; USE SAMA AS ME"

Bringing Up Parents



THE raising of parents in these days is justly regarded with considerable apprehension by the extremely young.

To take a brand-new set of parents, who are without any previous experience, and with naturally perverse tendencies, and bring them up in the way they should go, is by no means an easy job. Parents are self-willed and obstinate,

and invariably selfish. They want their own way, and if they don't get it they are apt to make trouble.

It is not well, however, to permit one's sense of responsibility about them to become a source of anxiety. If parents do not turn out well, it is by far the easiest and best way to blame it on a higher power. Higher powers, indeed, are used to responsibilities of this kind. No sudden strain embarrasses them.

The first thing that should be done with parents is to show them, once and for all, that you are master. This may

take time but it will pay. With a little patience applied persistently they can gradually be made to mind.

Try, for one thing, to be as impartial as possible. Otherwise one of them may have his, or her, disposition permanently spoiled.

Do not discuss the really serious things of life before your parents. It gives them a false idea of their own importance. Insist upon them saying their prayers every night. They need it.

Do not show them in any way that you consider yourself superior. It is a mark of true greatness not to do this.

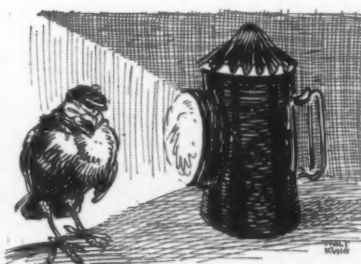
Be careful of the company they keep. If you see them playing bridge with millionaires, or riding above their incomes in expensive autos, or catch them talking stocks, take them aside and endeavor, by gentle admonitions, to show them how naughty they have been thus to waste their time, and how much ashamed of themselves they ought to be.

Permit them to confide in you as much as possible. In this way you may be able to help them over many a difficulty.

Above all things, keep them occupied. By devoting yourself to this idea, and by taking up their attention every moment—by compelling them to work hard—you may in time bring them up in the way they should go.

Do not, indeed, leave them to themselves a moment until they begin to grow so old and lonesome and sensitive that you do not need them any more.

Even then, however, you may invite them around to an occasional meal—for old times' sake.



"THEY SAY THIS IS A DARK LANTERN, SO I 'SPOSE NOBODY'LL SEE ME HERE!"



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN—AND THE KILLING OF THE FATTED CALF

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged.....	\$2,016.36
Mrs. John Jacob Astor.....	100.00
J. T. Griffith, Jr.....	5.00
M. G. Moore.....	5.00
	\$2,126.36

Acknowledged with Thanks

FROM MESSRS. REDFIELD BROTHERS, 5,000 folders LIFE's FARM; composition and printing 1,000 note sheets, 500 envelopes; printing 1500 sheets of special letter paper.

Public Opinion

THREE tailors of Fleet Street once assembled and issued a manifesto beginning, "We, the people of England." That is about as much authority as the average opinion labeled "public" possesses. Public opinion, as it usually stalks, is the opinion of some one about the public, not the opinion of the public about something. It is merely private opinion publicly expressed.

Some potentate has a private ax to grind and he thereupon mounts the rostrum or some other elevated place and thunders, "The people are a unit on this proposition," or, if subject to occasional fits of modesty, he might qualify by saying, "Every honest and intelligent man," or "Every man who loves his country," which amounts to the same thing, for no man admits that he is not honest or intelligent or that he does not love his country.

Some editorial writer, engaged to turn

out copy by a newspaper wedded to a definite policy, lashes himself into an appropriate frenzy and says, "The public demands twiddle or tweedledee." Now that's funny. How did he find it out? Just across the street, the worthy scribe of the esteemed contemporary calls him a liar and is no less emphatic that, "The public demands twaddle and tweedledum."

public has either demanded it or has failed to demand something better and, when the public really demands something, there is no room for a disagreement between two esteemed contemporaries and it can be understood without the benevolent assistance of either preacher, politician or pencil-pusher.

Public opinion needs no bush.

Ellis O. Jones.

AT LIFE'S FARM
PLAYING BEAN-BAG

Methodist Candidates for Office May Not Dance

BY A vote of about three to one the Committee on the State of the Church recommended to the recent Methodist Conference to continue unchanged the prohibition of card playing and dancing in the Book of Discipline. The Bishops recommended a change, but the committee would not have it. Never mind, never mind: there is a grain more flavor to pleasures that are against the rule, and, anyway, those Methodist rules seem to be strictly enforced only against persons who run for office.

"HAVE you got a good chauffeur?"
"Well, that depends. The only time my car is in good condition is when I'm away from home long enough for him to take out his friends."



Mutt: HARD LUCK OF DE TOWSER, WASN'T IT?
Spaniel: WHY, WHAT HAPPENED?
"HIS WIFE RAN AWAY WITH AN ENGLISH COACH-DOG!"

Always the Same People

WHAT M. Hippolyte Lemaire says in *Le Monde Illustré* about divorce in France is true also of divorce here. It isn't so much a factor in social existence, he says, as it seems to be. He quotes a general as saying, after a battle: "It is always the same fellows who get killed." As a rule, he thinks, "it is always the same people who get divorces," and not important people in or to the community.



TO THE WOMAN COLLEGE GRADUATE
IT IS USELESS TO ARGUE WITH THIS JUDGE

Up to Date

"DOCTOR, can you do nothing for me?"

There was hope in the young man's eye as he gazed anxiously at the great physician and surgeon.

"Let's see," said that personage, musingly. "I removed your tonsils when a boy."

"Oh, yes."

"And your palate."

"That was also cut off."

"Has your ear-drum been punctured?"

"Several times."

"And seems to me I took out the glands of your neck."

"Dear, me, yes."

"Your appendix?"

"Oh, certainly."

"And weren't the muscles of your eyes cut?"

"Several times. If you remember, you

cut one side too much and then you had to cut the other to get even."

"Ah, yes. Those amusing little errors will happen. And now what is it?"

"Why, doctor, simply this. I've got into the habit of being operated on at least once a year. I like the whiff of the ether, all the dear old hospital associations, and the fun of paying the bill."

"And there is nothing the matter with you?"

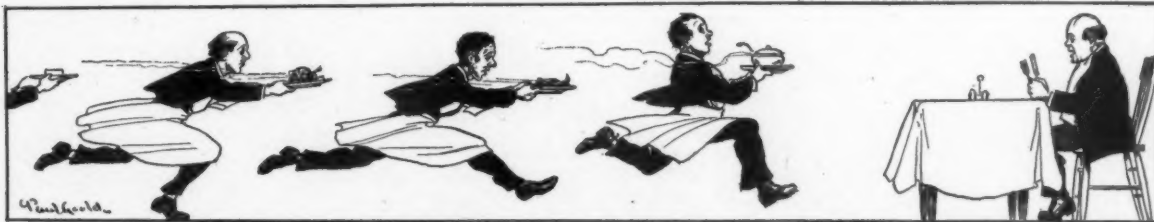
"Not that I am aware of."

The great doctor smiled encouragingly.

"Yes, there is," he said. "You forgot something."

"And that is?"

"The habit of being operated upon, my dear fellow. That's a disease in itself. Come around to-morrow, therefore, and I'll make an incision and see what new disease you have since the last Medical Congress met at Washington."



TENNIS TERM: "A QUICK SERVICE"



Milkman: IF IT RAINS LIKE THIS TILL WE GIT TO THE HOUSE I GUESS WE WON'T NEED TO STOP AT THE PUMP

From Our Readers

DEAR LIFE:

Hit the vaccine poisoners again! You have neglected that folly recently. Don't you think a recent instance of 1,500 vaccinations in one day (probably 60 per cent. compulsory) is going it pretty strong? "Come over and help us!"

ANTI-COMPULSORY.

Philadelphia, May 1, 1908.

Our correspondent should find solace in the thought that vaccination, while giving no protection, may leave in its trail consumption, scrofula, cancer and other unexpected things, which very things bring additional business for certain doctors. These vaccinators are not so prehistoric as they may appear.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Gentlemen—It is, indeed, *too bad* to find you editorially antagonistic to Governor Hughes's Anti-Race Track bill, for certainly the present law is directly contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, and permits open race track gambling, which judges and social workers recognize to be a potent source of demoralization and crime.

Yours very truly,

D. KING.

Boston, Mass., May 20, 1908.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—LIFE and I disagree on a point or two occasionally (which, of course, I am too polite to annoy you by mentioning, but remorse should keep you awake o' nights), but I cannot refrain from butting in with my heartfelt, if humble, wishes for success in your crusade against indiscriminate vivisection. I have heard many things on both sides, and I feel that while a surgeon should be above all things cool and dispassioned, I would certainly hesitate to trust my life to a man whose ordinary human instincts are so completely obliterated as those of the vivisector. If operations on human beings (and the attending fees) were barred to vivisectors, it is possible that as

much valuable knowledge could be gained without recourse to vivisection as with it. And has there ever been an argument in favor of vivisection that has not been refuted by men equally competent?

Yours very truly,

CHARLES W. BOWMAN.

Weimar, May 9, 1908.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir: Permit me to suggest for illustration the following: A little girl seated at a window watching a thunderstorm. At a heavy flash of lightning, she says to her mother: "My, their bill for 'lectricity this month will be 'normous!'" Yours truly,

E. L. FREELAND.

New York, April 15, 1908.

From Australia

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—With this I am sending you a copy of the current issue of my paper, the *Triad*. As you will see, I have been celebrating my fifteenth birthday. After my screed was in type, my monthly budget of LIFE came to hand, and therein I found the number in which you jubilate discreetly, but with rare humor, and good humor, too, over your twenty-fifth birthday.

I am a subscriber to *Fliegende Blaetter*, *Simplicissimus*, *Jugend*, *Le Rire*, *Le Journal Amusant*, *Il Pagello*, and "our only comic paper," and though I write from this fly-speck of a country—this country of the Adoration of the Obvious, the high place of giggle and squeak, where the people love darkness because their needs are uncertain, and their aspirations are vague—I would like you to know that a younger brother editor is cheered and stimulated by your brilliant weekly *causeries*. I was in New York for three months, from early in January, last year, and I have subscribed to LIFE since that time. I can honestly say that no other paper of its kind (of course, there is no other paper of its kind, but you will not misunderstand me) gives me so much real pleasure.

Your outlook upon life and affairs is so sane and so sage. Your contributors are almost invariably masters of English prose, stylists in fact; and when they write they say something. Usually your criti-

cisms are just but kindly, but when you are confronted by the hosts of wrong and injustice, your rapier is keener and ruder than the breath of the Northerly from Greenland's icy mountains. Then, what a play of fence is yours! *Non alia quam in ludo gladiatoris VITA est.*

The stream of life has left me stagnant in this backwater, shut in by the reed-beds of respectability. All men are liars. Women and wine mock us. Expectations are but the preludes to disappointment, memories the soiled linen and the broken fragments of the banquets of yesterday. Clerics tell us that dull lives last forever. Fools fret because they know not whether dead men rise up. I care not. Thrice and again times monthly I have LIFE.

Ave atque vale,

C. N. BAERYERTZ.

Dunedin, April 5, 1908.



MATRIMONIAL HANDICAP—"WEIGHT FOR AGE"

Society

SOCIETY was deeply stirred by the marriage of Miss Goshwotta Pyle to Count de Jennerett. It was, as every one knows, a pure love match. The Count is a splendid fellow and seldom wastes money in paying debts. The ceremony was performed in the pink and gold drawing-room of the Goshwotta Pyle mansion, the Rev. Dr. Popsy Paunch, of St. Greed's, officiating.

Miss Pyle's wedding gown was white satin. The skirt was made with a Watteau pleat down the sides and up the back, with a princess effect in front. The bodice was veiled in rose point lace, and an antique lace veil was used. Miss Goldie Inkum wore a diamond rope, with festoons of paving-stone emeralds, the gift of Mr. John Bullion. Mrs. Ennyole Figure, the matron of honor, wore an Empire gown, white crêpe, embroidered with rosebuds. In her hair she wore a chaplet of diamonds and she carried a gilt basket filled with assorted rubies and pearls.

The best man was Dedleigh Bohr and the ushers were Brayn-liss Pupp, Reginald Wuntwurk, Justor Kubb and Whartor Kadd.

The bride's presents were superb. Her husband gave a Waterbury watch with a real string to it. The bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Saymold Muchin-print, gave a set of kitchen furniture of silver inlaid with black diamonds. Her cousin, Willie Jinnanselts, gave her a liqueur set, for his own use when visiting at the house. Splendid gifts were also received from Mr. and Mrs. Ponto Bulge, Mrs. Ammi Innitt, Mr. and Mrs. Billy de Splay and a host of others.

The bride and groom will go at once to Helzone Place, the ancestral castle of the de Jenneretts, where the Count will remain a few days, just for form's sake. Then, leaving the new Countess at Helzone Place, he will go to Paris, Vienna or Berlin, and resume his usual life. The bride's mother, who, as every one knows, was one of the Baltimore Holloheads, is delighted with the marriage.

A good deal of sympathy is felt abroad for Count de Jennerett, some persons asserting he was quite unwilling to marry an American girl merely as a financial transaction. But the family needed the money and it had to be done. Many of these old European families are terribly pinched. American heiresses go cheaper than any others, so the sons are sent over here. While

it may be exasperating for a man to marry against his will, the money compensation is important. And, after all, he need not be bothered much with his wife.

Why Not?

HOW much out of order is the suggestion of a physical inspection, at Ellis Island or the Custom House, of titled alien immigrants coming into the country with marital intentions? Under present rules some get in that shouldn't. That's evident.

SOME people can never leave bad enough alone.



THE COUNTESS DE JENNERETT (NÉE GOSHWOTTA PYLE)

Corrected

A LITTLE girl in Rhode Island, the daughter of a clergyman, once sat at the table with a Bishop who was visiting her father.

When they had finished she observed that he did not fold his napkin. Distressed, she said:

"We always fold our napkins here."

"Yes, my dear," said the Bishop. "But that is because you use them again. In the case of a visitor, you don't do that."

"Oh, yes, we do," said the little girl.

The Trade of Literature

CAN it be, in these luminous times, that our American literary standards are not what they should be?

For more light on this matter we shall go back some seventy years or more, when the following words, which still hold good, were written by Alexis De Tocqueville in his "Democracy in America":

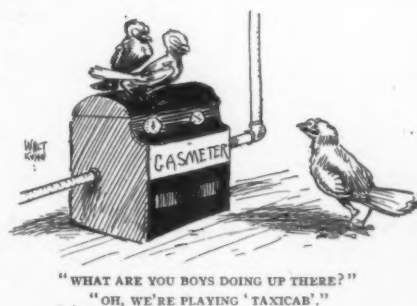
Democracy not only infuses a taste for letters among the trading classes, but introduces a trading spirit into literature.

In aristocracies, readers are fastidious and few in number; in democracies, they are far more numerous and far less difficult to please. The consequence is, that among aristocratic nations no one can hope to succeed without immense exertions, and that these exertions may bestow a great deal of fame, but can never earn much money; while among democratic nations, a writer may flatter himself that he will obtain, at a cheap rate, a meager reputation and a large fortune. For this purpose he need not be admired, it is enough that he is liked.

The ever-increasing crowd of readers, and their continual craving for something new, insures the sale of books which nobody much esteems.

In democratic periods the public frequently treat authors as kings do their courtiers; they enrich and they despise them. What more is needed by the venal souls which are born in courts, or which are worthy to live there?

Democratic literature is always infested with a tribe of writers who look upon letters as a mere trade; and for some few great authors who adorn it, you may reckon thousands of ideamongers.



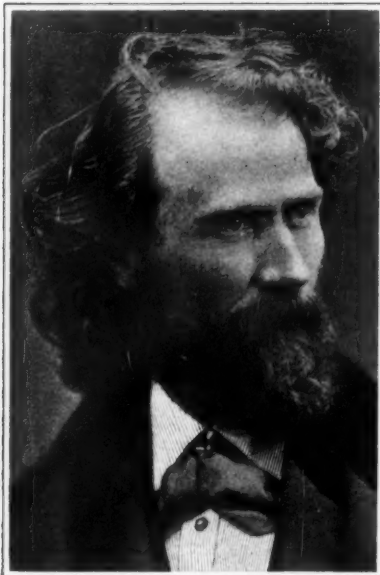


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HIGHER BID TOO LATE

In Their Earlier Years



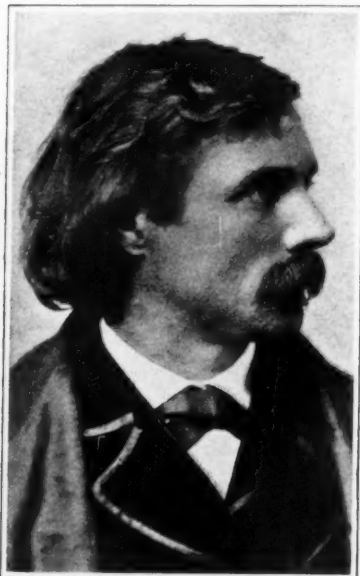
JOAQUIN MILLER IN THE SIXTIES

Important

TEACHER: What is the total population of the globe?

SMALL BOY (*promptly*): One and one-half billions.

LITTLE GIRL (*raising her hand*): Please, ma'am, we have a new baby brother in our house.



THE HON. WHITELAW REID IN THE SIXTIES

The Only Way

THE Man from Mars wandered into a mammoth hall packed with people who were engaged in sucking their thumbs and crying for mercy.

"What is the trouble?" asked the Man from Mars.

"We are cold," answered an ill-clad wretch as he blew on his fingers.

"Why don't you put coal in the stove?" asked the Man from Mars.

"We have no coal."

"But there is coal in the ground. Why don't you go and dig it out?"

"It does not belong to us."

"To whom does it belong?"

"It belongs to a few men."

"Well, how can it be secured, then?"

"It must be bought, but we have no money with which to buy it."



CLARA MORRIS IN THE SEVENTIES

"You say that individuals own the land containing the coal? How did they get it?"

"The law gave it to them."

"Who made the law?"

"Our ancestors."

"Why don't you make a law which will take it away from them?"

"The Constitution won't let us."

"Who made the Constitution?"

"Our ancestors."

"Why don't you take it without law?"

"That would be immoral."

"Who made the morals?"

"Our ancestors."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the Man from Mars, finally.

"We have sent for a spiritualist to see if

In Their Earlier Years



LOTTA (MISS CRABTREE) IN THE LATE SIXTIES

he can't get us some advice from our ancestors," answered the poor wretch.

Ellis O. Jones.

The Long and Short of It

FOND MOTHER (*to overgrown Gladys*): That dress, though last year's, must do you, child.

"Yes, mamma. The dress is last year's, but the legs are this year's!"



THE LATE MR. CHARLES A. DANA IN THE SIXTIES



THE HYPNOTIST
AND HIS EASY SUBJECT

Rioting in Reason

THE mob has found a friend, which Heaven knows it needed. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who loves to say a disputed thing in a far from solemn way, points out in the *London Illustrated News* that mobs are not hysterical—which is the vulgar point of view; they are reasonable and heroic. All the great mobs of history, so far as Mr. Chesterton can remember, "have been perfectly reasonable." Our distorted view of them is due to Lord Tennyson and the newspapers. It is a sign of the "especially undemocratic age" in which we live and flourish.

But Shakespeare, who lived in a warm, florid, emotional and intimate age, entertained for mobs a superlative contempt which makes Tennyson, by comparison, an outlaw. He knew more about them, too, than did the poet laureate, who lived in dignified isolation; more about them than does Mr. Chesterton, whose idea of a mob is a handful of students smashing, or trying to smash, the "Brown Dog" monument at Battersea. A memorial to a vivisected dog is naturally as offensive to medical students as a statue of Rénan (apparently in an advanced stage of inebriation) is to the pious Catholics of Brittany, or a statue of a master thief is to the despoiled citizens of Pennsylvania—and they have to pay for the insult. But a truly rational mob (the kind that Mr. Chesterton admires) would not be influenced by such paltry principles and prejudices. It would realize broadly that one monument the less is one blessing the more, and would extend its field of activity. There are thousands of statues in the United States awaiting beneficent destruction, and hundreds



Owner of the Coop: WHO'S IN THERE?
Quick-Witted Rastus (softly): 'TAINT NOBODY IN HEAR 'CEPPIN' US CHICKENS.

of public buildings which to lose would be pure gain. A peaceful and law-abiding American artist was heard to say that he longed to be rich enough to hire a rabble to pull down the Philadelphia City Hall. That would be a deed of such benign reasonableness that it would absolve a rioter and sanctify a mob.

Agnes Repplier.

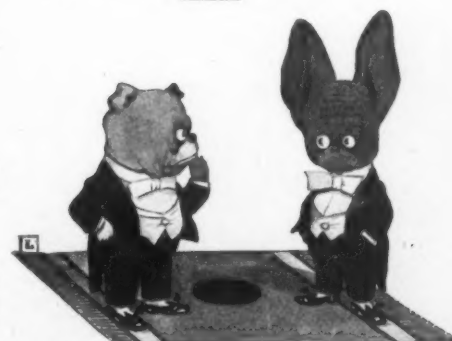
Alas!

OH, ALL my pleasant, peaceful joys
Are now replaced by woes;
I cannot love the daffodil
Since I have smelled the rose.

Where once perfection I beheld,
Alas, defects I mark;
I cannot love the bobolink
Since I have heard the lark.

I was contented all the day,
But now I ever pine;
I cannot love the draught of milk
Since I have tasted wine.

No more I'd bide in Arcady,
I weary of the scene,
I cannot love the shepherdess
Since I have seen the queen.



French Bull: I'M HEAD OVER EARS IN DEBT.

Plain Bull: WOW! BUT YOU MUST OWE A LOT OF MONEY!

Jealousy

SOMETIME, to every soul, there comes
in strife,
A dragon fierce as myth or minotaur,
With peace and hope, and happiness at
war,
Yet guarding for us all that's dear in life.

Our love is nursed and cradled on its breast,
Without it, 'tis a cold and lifeless thing,
A soulless passion, and without its sting,
It has not reached its height, its depth, its
best.

Have you not felt its pangs? The ecstasy
Of all life's heaven-born rapture shuns
your heart.

It is divinely meant to be a part
Of all the life of love—'tis jealousy.

Emma Playter Seabury.

Distinctions



THE man who gambles
for a living is a dis-
reputable person; but the
one who plays football
with other people's
property on the
Stock Exchange is
highly respected by
society.

The grocer who
salts his sugar is a cheat; but the cor-
poration owner who waters stock is a
financier.

The man who kills another is a mur-
derer; but the general who kills thousands
is a hero.

The person who defrauds another is
dishonest; but the one who defrauds the
Government in the payment of taxes is
clever.

The man who plays with loaded dice
is a scoundrel; but the corporation di-



THE ETERNAL FEMINE

"MERCY, HOW THAT HORRID MAN IS
STARING AT ME! I DO HOPE MY HAT'S ON
STRAIGHT!"



FOR THE SIMPLE LIFE

AT WAVE CREST VILLA: EXTENDED VIEW, WATER PRIVILEGE, FINE FISHING, PURE
AIR; NO DUST, TROLRIES, AUTOS, BURGLARS OR BOOK AGENTS

rector who manipulates the stock of his
company for his personal benefit is a
Napoleon of Finance.

The person who charges a high rate of
interest is a usurer, but the bank which
loans "call money" at one hundred per
cent is highly thought of.

The man who sells liquor at retail by
the glass is not considered an ornament
to society, but the one who distils it and
supplies him by the hogshead is in a
respectable business and welcomed.

The man who sells poison or dope con-
trary to law is punished if caught, but the
man who sells it as a patent medicine can
do so openly and advertise.

The man who draws a nude picture
risks a visit from Saint Anthony Com-
stock, but a display of legs and busts in a
store where men and women mingle is
quite proper.

To betray confidence is wrong, but to
buy the secrets of a competitor is business.

To fail is to be pitied, but to get rich is
to fail to be pitied.

Henry Waldorf Francis.

MOTHER: Why, Bobbie, how clean
your hands are!

BOBBIE: Aren't they! But you ought to
have seen 'em before I helped Bridget make
the bread!



Brother Bill (on a visit): Y'ought to have left the farm when I did, Eb, an' come to the city. Look what it DONE FOR ME

An International Matter

THE other day there was discovered in Egypt a document which revealed the fact that during the bygone civilization of this interesting country women had the upper hand: the woman was the legal head of the household, and her husband virtually received what she chose to give him.

It is a pity that such a custom has gone out, especially in England and on the Continent, where there is a nobility.

The eldest daughter ought to be on equal terms with the eldest son, and entitled to all the rights and privileges. And when she marries, her husband should take her name.

The matter has a deeper significance than appears upon its surface. As the case stands at present, our rich young American girls marry into the nobility, while their brothers—there being no distinction in it for them—must be content with such American wives as are left over. Many of them, indeed, are forced, in order to preserve their self-respect, to marry chorus girls, and thus keep up the standard.

It must also be remembered that the supply of American girls is limited. European families of title, waiting to be replenished, will soon be at their wits' end.

But if European ladies preserved their titles, there would be nothing to debar them from seeking rich American husbands, and rich American husbands would, of course, be delighted to drop their own names and start all over again. We could easily spare a number of them for this purpose, without feeling the loss.

This being leap year, the custom could be inaugurated without embarrassment.

WHEN we consider that the Lord, had He chosen, might have fashioned woman after any one of a number of designs, and that He must have foreseen how the best people would feel about her being a biped, we are amazed at His assuming the responsibility.

"HE NEVER saves up for a rainy day."
"No. His disposition is too sunny."

WOMAN in the concrete: A girl stuck in the middle of an asphalt pavement on a boiling midsummer day.



AFTER THE RAIN

"GREAT SCOTT! I THOUGHT I LIVED ON THE GROUND FLOOR"



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

AN EPIGRAM AND AN AD

Prof. Charles Zueblin, the brilliant and original sociologist of the University of Chicago, enunciated before the League of Political Education in New York a superb epigram:

"He who begins with saving to protect his family may end with neglecting his family to save."

Discussing the dangers of immoderate saving Prof. Zueblin said the other day:

"It's by saving immoderately that we come to inserting want

THEIR ESCAPE

A happy smile the young man wore
And yet I knew he must be sore.

His eyes were swollen nearly shut,
His chin was bruised, his ear was cut

And yet you saw in spite of this
He fairly radiated bliss.

The girl seemed very happy, too,
Although she was all black and blue.

Her hat, poor thing, was knocked awry
(She was uncommon sweet and shy).

Her face by scarlet spots was marked;
In places, too, the skin was barked.

I looked and wondered at the pair.
They both seemed quite used up, for fair.

The impulse I could hardly check
To ask them all about the wreck,

Or why and for what fancied fault
They had encountered the assault,

And why they showed no great distress
But really beamed with happiness,

Until at last I heard him say:
"Well, after all, we got away."

"It's foolishness, that throwing shoes,
I think I am one solid bruise."

And from some other things they said
I gathered they were newly wed.

—The Wasp.

MENTAL dissolution: That condition where you are perfectly satisfied with your religion, education and government.—*Philistine*.



THE LAZY KINGFISHER

advertisements like one I saw recently—"Wanted, capable office boy; salary, \$1 a week."

"A young man of Seminary Avenue, noticing this advertisement, couldn't resist replying to it. His reply ran:

"I beg to offer you my services. Should you require a premium I could furnish \$500. You do not mention Sundays—should I have to work on that day? Neither do you state whether the applicant must be clothed or not, but I have concluded that he must at least wear trousers, or he would be unable to carry home his wages."—*Washington Star*.

THEODORE'S ROAR FOR FOUR MORE

"Four battleships," said Theodore,
"I want—and want exactly four,
No less, no more."

"I'll give you two," Nunk Sammy said.
"Now you be good and go to bed
And rest your head."

"I want four battleships, I do!
You shall not cut my want in two!
Boohoo! Boohoo!"

"I'll give you just two battleships!
Now quit your crying, close your lips—
You'll get the pips."

"I want four ships," cried Theodore;
"I want no less, I want no more
Than four, four, four!"

"Big boys like you ought not to bawl
For such expensive toys at all:
You've got the gall!"

"I want my ships—one, two, three, four,
And till I get 'em I will roar,"
Quoth Theodore.

—New York Sun.

"What sort of a looking chap is Gussy?"

"Well, if you ever see two men in a corner and one looks bored to death, the other one is Gussy."—*London Opinion*.

THE cat had just eaten the canary. "I hated to eat the foolish thing," remarked the cat, "but when a bird breaks out of its cage and flies down your throat, what can you do?"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

ANGRY SCOT: Look here, Mr. O'Brien. I've the verriest respect for yer country, but ye mauna forget this: Ye can sit on a rose and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O, mon, ye canna sit on a thistle.—*Success Magazine*.

BALZAC AND THE THIEF

A story, said to be new, of Balzac is related by a French contemporary. A burglar gained admission to Balzac's house and was soon at work, by the light of the moon, at the lock of the secretaire in the novelist's chamber. Balzac was asleep at the time, but the movements of the intruder aroused him. The burglar, who was working most industriously, paused. A strident laugh arrested his operations and he beheld by the moonlight the novelist sitting up in bed, his sides aching with laughter.

"What is it that makes you merry?" demanded the burglar.

"I laugh," replied the author of "Père Goriot," "to think that you should come in the night without a lantern to search my secretaire for money when I can never find any there in broad daylight."—*Westminster Gazette*.

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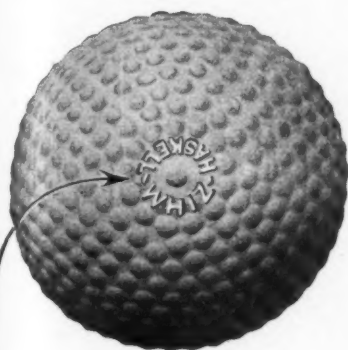
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NO PLACE FOR KING COLE

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
Who called for his pipe and glass;
But in days like these
When he took his ease
Such things he might have to pass.

For the soothing weed
Is so scarce, indeed,
That they say—and it's not a joke—
That cabbage and hay
And such things may
Be all we can get to smoke!

Prohibition, too,
Takes a grip brand-new
That saddens each toper's heart;
For even a king
It would be the thing
To climb on the water cart.

Forbid may be
E'en the fiddlers three
They tell us he so enjoys,
Since they've started a storm
Of new reform
To suppress all useless noise.

—Washington Star.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South.
THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

THEY PRAYED RUNNING

Harry and Ethel were crossing a field on their return from Sabbath-school, when they encountered a bull. At the animal's approach they fled in terror. Faster and faster they ran, yet nearer and nearer came the bull.

"We must pray," panted Harry.
"You do it," Ethel pleaded. "We'll kneel down right here."
"No, we'll pray running. You ought to do it; you're a girl."
"O Lord—O Lord—I can't," sobbed Ethel. "You do it."
The proximity of the bull demanded immediate action, and Harry rose to the occasion. Loudly and fervently he prayed:
"O Lord, for what we are about to receive make us truly thankful!"—Success.

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ALWAYS AN ARMY

FATHER: Well?

TOMMY: Why isn't there ever a navy of the unemployed?—*Evening Sun.*

EXTREME FRIENDLINESS

Senator Crane came smiling from the White House.

"You must have hit it off pretty well with the President," remarked a friend.

"Hit it off! I should say so," answered the Senator. "Why, he was so good-natured that he unconsciously called me Mr. Stork."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WHEN you have something to say to a mule, don't say it behind his back.—*Lippincott's.*

A JAPANESE saying runs: "Woman is an unmanageable creature; flatter her, she is elated; thrash her, she weepeth; kill her, her spirit haunts you." We would suggest that the best remedy is to love her.—*The News.*

"YOUR husband says he works like a dog," said one woman.
"Yes, it's very similar," answered the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire and waits to be fed."—*Washington Star.*

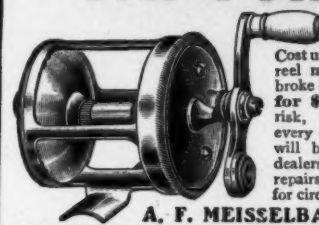
PROSPECTIVE SUITOR: Sir, I love your daughter.
HER FATHER: Well, don't come to me with your troubles.—*San Francisco Star.*

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A Few of the Leading Articles in June "Recreation"

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LIFE'S Marriage Contest

Men

No. 2

Though his dislike for work a drawback may be,
Still his good disposition is what attracts me,
And though *three* at a time he engages to wed,
To the altar but *one* at a time can be led.

No. 2

If you'll forget the other three, and to me incline,
I'll ignore your laziness, though it will bring me woe.
When I see your photograph I long to call you mine,
If I sent you mine, dear boy, you'd feel the same I know.

No. 1

Though a bold speculator you be,
To your wit and your jokes I incline,
For you'll tell them to others—not me,
And the quiet of home will be mine.

No. 4

Life's all a speculation, all a chance for weal or woe,
The secret that the future hides impossible to know.
Poetic insight be the guide which lights the work for me;
Once married, spite twelve hundred all devotion you will be.

No. 2

To change your ways of life would be
Joy to this soul of mine;
To lead you on straight paths with me
My apron strings incline.

Women

No. 2

Come leave your happy home and marry me,
My little spendthrift wife I'll let you be.
To changeful April tempers I incline,
So prune that "scarlet runner" and be mine.

No. 3

Oh, gentle loving widow, my heart toward thee doth incline,
For thou hast all the virtues, which make thee most truly mine.
Then away with the high church devotee, away with the actress
to be,
Away with warm heart and quick talker, you are enough for me.

No. 2

Oh, Dowerless Extravagance be mine!
Swift tongue and temper nothing are to me.
I've cash to burn—to matinees incline,
Enough that "generally amiable" you be.

No. 3

That we're affinities, full well I know,
By your sweet face and fair description led,
But happiness is changed to woe,
Alas! I am already wed.

No. 3

Which of the five would I prefer, which have my wife be?
The gentle, loving widow with the income—she for me!
She'd try to make me happy, having had enough of woe,
And widows have advantages—the ropes, you see, they know.

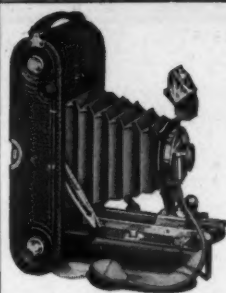
No. 2

With all her faults I still incline
To choose fair Number Two for mine;
Her face *her* fortune well may be—
'Tis dowry quite enough for me.

As good today as
fifty years ago—

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Soon or late you will do so. Won't you please prove them now?

Two Balls Free

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Get a dozen from your dealer, or from us direct. (Price \$7.00, express prepaid.) Use two of them. Then, if you don't find them the best balls you ever used, return the balance in the original box, and we'll return the \$7.00.

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Enclosed find \$7.00 for which send to me, express prepaid, one dozen Red Cross Balls under your guarantee.

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State in bottom space if we shall send you Free a handy Golfer's Score Book.

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